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claimed the triumph of M. Chickering—a triumph complete, without reservation, which must overthrow all pretensions of their American rivals to the honor of the first prize.

Henceforth the Star of the Legion of Honor will crown the Grand Gold Medal decreed to the productions of M. Chickering; it will consecrate them superior to all others; it will shine resplendent as a beacon over all his works, and shed cheering rays over all his efforts.

We cannot congratulate too highly the house of Chickering on their victory, for it is at the same time the glorification of the opinions of the *Gazette Musicale*.

### MOVEMENTS MUSICAL.

Richard Hoffman is on a visit to Joseph Burke, at his beautiful country place in Batavia, New York.

George W. Warren is boating, fishing, and putting life into every one, at Lake Mahopac. We have no ocular evidence of his having caught any fish, and we do not believe in fish stories, since we were present at the catching of a half-pound weak fish, and heard of it afterwards as a monster weighing over eight pounds.

Mr. David Decker, senior partner of the eminent piano firm of Decker & Brother, left on the 13th for Europe. He will literally repose during the coming hot August, under his own vines, we are not quite sure, about the fig-trees, for the brothers possess choice vineyards at their old homestead in Germany. He has taken with him one of the splendid Decker grand square pianos, and if the Firm was as modest as another manufacturer, we should hear by an early mail that in consequence of the appearance of a Decker piano in Germany, all the German pianoforte manufacturers had given up business, in despair. The instrument will assuredly make a sensation, wherever it is heard.

Madame Varian Hoffman is rusticated at Savin's Rock, near New Haven, Connecticut.

George W. Morgan is en route for Chicago, where he gives a grand Organ Concert on the 25th inst., at the First Baptist Church. He will play on the new organ of forty stops, just put up in that building by Johnson, of Westfield, Mass., and will display to the people of Chicago its full powers. The anxiety to hear Mr. Morgan is very great, and an audience of three or four thousand is expected to be present.

Mr. Romeyne, the tenor of Dr. Bellows' church, gave two very successful concerts at Kingston and Rondout, last week. He was assisted by the accomplished and talented Mrs. Farnham, Signor Pollicchi, and the pianist and composer, Mr. Edward Hoffman.

Bruno Wollenhaupt, has been inhaling the exhilarating air of the glorious Catskills, the place of all places for arousing the highest art inspirations. Let us hope that the grand solitudes of that mountain region has whis-

pered to him that Art has claims upon him, and that his violin has been too long neglected.

George Steck, the principal of the distinguished piano firm of G. Steck & Co., has returned from his European tour.

It is said that Mr. Bateman has arrived in New York, from London, to make preparations for his Offenbach opera troupe, which will arrive here in September.

George F. Bristow is enjoying the vacation at his house in Morrisania, and is putting the finishing touches to his new and fine oratorio of "Daniel." He has been elected Director of the Mendelssohn Union for the ensuing year. A change has taken place in the affairs of this society. Mr. Wm. A. Pond has been elected President, and Mr. Brinkerhoff Vice President. The Mendelssohn Union propose to bring out the Oratorio of "Daniel," under the direction of the author.

Wm. K. Bassford is dividing up the leisure of the vacation between fishing, sailing, song writing, and the completion of a new Operetta.

(From the Catholic World.)

### IL DUOMO.

#### A VISION.

Il Duomo, being interpreted, signifies "The Cathedral," and the subject of the following poem is the picturesque and beautiful cathedral of Milan. This splendid building is adorned externally by nearly five thousand white marble statues, life-size, of knights, martyrs, monks, etc., etc., the roof being ornamented also externally with sculptured buds and flowers in great profusion. Upward of fifty massive pillars support the roof internally, and over the grand altar is suspended a casket containing a nail from the true cross, and other relics. On the topmost pinnacle of the cathedral stands, serene and splendid, a glittering, gilded statue of the Madonna, who, with her eighteen feet of stature, towers nobly above her magnificent body-guard of saints, knights and martyrs.

Faint with the sunny splendors of the king  
of light,  
Nature disrobes, and from her wearied shoulders  
casts

The oppressive mantle of the burning day;  
Flings to the glowing west her regal diadem  
of fire;

Upon her drooping brow all gladly binds  
The calm and holy moon;  
And with a zone of stars loops round her  
languid form

The cool sweet robe of night:  
The placid moonbeams, o'er that stately fane,  
Pour the rich affluence of their silvery light,  
And with a chaste soft lustre, tint  
The graceful slender spires,  
The marble phalanx of the white-robed saints,  
The silent knights, the multitudinous flowers,  
The mother of our Lord,

And all the wonders of that wondrous roof!  
With hushed and reverent step through the  
wide doors I passed!

Passed from the outer splendors to the inner  
mystic gloom

Of the majestic pile;  
Through the emblazoned windows streams  
the tempered light,

Showing dimly forth the shrines of holy men,  
The sacred emblems, and the fifty marvellous  
pillars,

Dumb stony giants, who, with patient  
strength,

Bear up the ponderous roof;  
Upon the altar steps I bend me down, and,

awe-struck, rest.

Suddenly, through the deep stillness  
Breathed a solemn sound, as sweet as mourn-  
ful;

A hand unseen ran o'er the organ's keys,  
And o'er the broad, dark air the harmonious  
waves

Rolled grandly on!  
Entranced I heard, and soon the subtle  
strains

Distilled within my soul a deep oblivion  
Of things terrestrial.

A vision came upon me, and I saw  
The darkness melt, the shades opaque dis-  
solve,

And the dull, sombre midnight change  
To daybright lustre!

With soft and lambent flames the fifty columns  
glowed

From base to branching head,  
And with supernal light pierced the thick  
denseness

Of the arched roof:

And I saw the innumerable leaves,  
The sculptured garlands of fair buds and  
flowers—

Strewn with such lavish hand o'er all that  
broad parterre—

With life-renewing tints endowed:

The sacred vessels on the altar ranged,  
The pious gifts of ages passed away,  
And all the saintly relics of that holy place  
Glittered with new effulgence!

Mine unused eyes drank in amazed the daz-  
zling scene,

And now upon mine ears arose the clang of  
music,

And the sound of men rejoicing!

From their huge stanchions 'scaped the mas-  
sy doors;

And through the enfranchised portal paced  
A wondrous train!

A thousand mailed knights, the Duomo's  
guards,

Strode proudly in!

As when in life they marched, so came they  
now;

No marble corslets still their lofty hearts,  
Rich suits of Milan steel enclasp them round,  
Through the gold helmets' bars their dark  
eyes flash,

Bright banners wave above them, and their  
hands

Clasp as of old the trenchant blade!

A stately white-robed troop, the Duomo's  
priests,

The pageant swells.

No rigid garb of stone impedes their solemn  
steps;

Girt round with high, ecclesial pomp,

The sacred aisles they pace,  
The jewelled crosiers grasp, the censers swing,

And, as of yore, the glad "Hosannas" raise!  
Again the clash of steel, the armed tread,

The banners' silken folds—

And twice five hundred warriors

Pass the gaping doors!

Hark! in the air, a choir angelic sings:

Wake, jubilant harps! peal, ye clarions of  
silver!

Swell, ye loud organs! for mighty's the  
theme!

Bend lowly the knee, ye saints, knights,  
and martyrs,

With offerings of gold let the high altar  
gleam!

Fill the gemmed censers with myrrh and  
with amber,

Deck the rich shrines with a splendor ne'er  
seen,

Raise high the song, the loud hymn of devotion,  
Give homage to Mary, our lady, our queen!

Loud glorias peal, and with reverberant blast,  
Throughout the illumined space,  
The silver trumpets clang!  
Doffed is the casque, the mitred head bent low,  
The song subsides, and on that marvellous crowd

An awful silence dwells!  
A Presence is among them—  
A Being gracious as resplendent.  
And the resuscitate host is filled with holy terror!

She smiles benignly on the kneeling throng,  
And melts with heavenly look the still, deep fear!

Again the hymn breaks forth,  
With heavenly, earthly voices join,  
Monks, warriors, martyrs swell the raptured strain!

Lo! where she comes, all meek, yet all noble,  
The glory celestial encircling her brows.  
Fall prostrate, ye thousands, all lowly adore her;

Bare your swords, valiant knights, yet once make your vows;  
Chant psalms, ye priests; let the harmonies roll

Till the gorgeous temple resounds to its veil.

Through our midst she is moving, the chosen, the holy:

Hail, Mary, Madonna, blest Virgin, all hail!

The voices ceased, the echoes died away,  
The mighty pillars throbbed no more with flame;

The roof closed in, the pageant vanished,  
And the darkness swathed once more  
The sombre nave.

Still on the air the organ's notes float sad and wailing,

Still through the storied windows streams the moon's soft light,

Still rest the things of earth;

The mute Colossi yet bear up

The vaulted roof;

The shrines still glimmer in the dim night air,

The mystic glories of my vision—

Gone!

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

POWER OF ASSOCIATION.—There is a tune in Switzerland, which the young shepherds perform on a sort of pipe. It is called the *Ranz des vaches*, is wild and irregular, and has but little in its composition to recommend it to our notice. But the Swiss are so intoxicated with this tune, that if at any time they hear it, when abroad in foreign service, they burst into tears; nay more, they often fall sick, and even die, of a passionate desire to revisit their native country; for which reason, in some armies where they serve, the playing of this tune is prohibited. This air, having been the familiar companion of their childhood and early youth, recalls to their memory those regions of wild beauty and rude magnificence, those days of liberty and peace, those nights of festivity, those happy assemblies, those tender passions, which formerly endeared them to their country, their homes, and their employments; and which, when compared with the scenes of tumult in which they are now engaged, and the servitude they now undergo, awaken such a regret as entirely overpowers them.

## MUSICAL LETTERS BY FERDINAND HILLER.

JOSEPHINE LANG, THE SONG-COMPOSER.

When noticing, some years ago, Mendelssohn's *Reisebriefe*, I gave an extract out of one, dated from Munich, in which the great composer expresses himself ecstatically concerning the talent of "little L." "She possesses the gift of composing and singing songs," says the never-to-be-forgotten artist, "to a degree I never knew before," and he states it as his opinion that "the man who is not moved by them has no feeling for anything." Josephine Lang (for it was she who rendered Mendelssohn so enthusiastic) has not left off singing beautiful songs, though, perhaps, the pleasing voice, with which she then rendered them may have gone. Through all the changes of life, the Muse has remained faithful to her, and as a *producing* musician she has probably few or no fair rivals. How comes it then that her name and her strains are, comparatively speaking, so little known to the great mass of the public? that a phenomenon, whose worth ought to be esteemed the more highly for its rarity, has remained a stranger for a large number of musically-educated persons? Perhaps the following lines will explain this fact. I may be considered as acting indiscreetly towards a lady who is my friend, but the artist will forgive me. The courteous readers, especially the female ones, of these pages will certainly turn to the artist with increased interest, when they have obtained a glimpse of the joys and the sufferings which have fallen to the lot of the daughter, the wife, and the mother. The 14th of March, 1815, was the day of Josephine's birth. Even at her cradle joy and care were commingled, for she was so small and delicate that her parents never called her anything but the "*Ängstkind*" ("Child of Anxiety"), in contradistinction to a little brother four years old. The said little brother, Ferdinand, has long been first low comedian at the Theatre Royal, Munich, and a great favorite with the public there. Music and dramatic art were inherent in the family. Anna Lang, the grandmother on the paternal side, was a most famous actress, while the father's sister, Margarethe, was scarcely inferior to her in talent. Margarethe became the wife of the well-known low comedian, "Carl," the founder of the celebrated Carl-Theatre, Vienna. Another Aunt was a pleasing Soubrette; and her father himself a sterling violinist, while his brothers were respectable members of the Royal Orchestra. The grandmamma and her sisters on the maternal side were distinguished singers. Her mother, Regina Lang, a pupil of Winter, was one of the most fascinating personages of her day, and it was for her that the part of Myrra in *Das unterbrochene Opferfest* was written. Her husband soon took her off the stage, as her peculiarly gentle and tender nature could not support the wear and tear of it. She continued to be a Royal Chamber and Chapel Singer; made tours, from time to time, as a concert singer; and gave lessons. Despite the boundless love, care, and tenderness with which her excellent parents brought her up, Josephine was, for a long time, a most bashful, quiet and timid child. Her playfellows did not know what to do with her; she took no delight in their merry games, during which she would withdraw into some solitary nook or corner. On the other hand, she would sit for whole days at the foot of

her mother, when the latter was playing, her greatest delight being for mamma to take her upon her lap, place her tiny fingers upon the keyboard, and, with a thousand endearments, teach her to play or sing little pieces. When only in her third year, she could play these correctly and in proper time, to the astonishment of everyone, while in her earliest childhood she sang with her mother and brother the trio from *Die Zauberflöte*, and could take the tenor part. At times, when not watched, she would raise herself by means of a footstool and find out on the piano accompaniments for her little songs. Her parents were naturally both astounded and delighted, and their delight was increased when the little thing, who soon did not wish to leave the instrument at all, invented melodies for herself. She was, however, generally silent and sorrowful, and her corporal as well as mental development, frequently interrupted by illness, progressed so slowly that her parents were in a continual state of anxiety on her account. They had not the courage to send her to school, and her private tutor was requested to restrict for a time his instruction to the most essential subjects. Josephine was five years old when she wrote her first melody to words, which, also, were due to her pen. While, standing upon her stool, she was singing at the piano, her brother's music-master entered the room, and was not slightly astonished, when, in reply to his question, whence she had obtained the song, she replied she had made it herself. The foolish words caused him to laugh, but, taking a pen, he wrote down the melody, and told her parents they ought no longer to delay letting her have regular pianoforte lessons. She now began the latter, but with little success. One master followed another, yet the child was not materially advanced—the lessons were irksome to her. But she made sufficient progress to be enabled in her own way to devote herself to *instrumental composition*. To invent and play marches, waltzes and other dances, was her greatest source of enjoyment, and procured her numerous presents. The first heavy blow of fate, the death of her mother, which she felt most deeply, overtook her in her ninth year. She passed two or three years with her grandmother, and went on, as well as she could, with her music. She took the greatest interest in being present at the lessons her grandmother gave young actresses. Charlotte von Hagen, afterwards so celebrated, was at that period under this lady's tuition.

Josephine was about eleven years old when her father contracted a second marriage with the widow of a musician who had been a friend of his. The lady, an accomplished, amiable, and, at the same time, energetic, and active woman, infused new life into the family. The exceedingly unsystematic mode of life pursued by her little step-daughter, to whom she turned with motherly love, was perfectly hateful to her. She gave her masters to teach her drawing, dancing, and the French language, but for music the right man was not yet found. Her pianoforte master went to sleep during the lesson, and left her to her own caprices. A mere accident was destined to help her. At a party at Herr Aseher's, where Josephine had to show off as an infant phenomenon, Mdle. Berlinghoff, then the most popular and brilliant pianist in Munich, happened to be present. The child's talent pleased her so much, that she made her parents an offer to teach her for nothing, and when Josephine heard her